

The Mirror

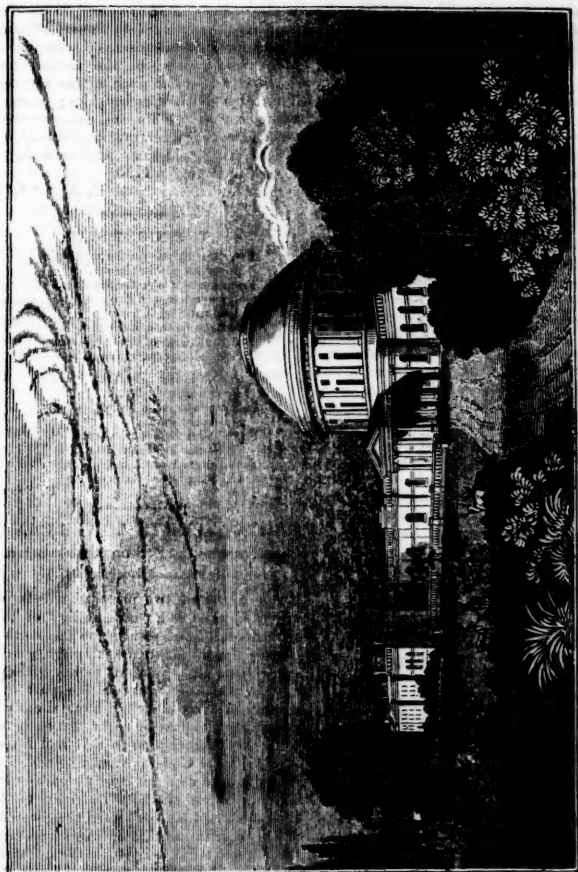
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 870.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1837.

[PRICE 2d]



ICKWORTH HALL, SUFFOLK.

(From a Correspondent.)

ICKWORTH HALL, the seat of the Marquis of Bristol, near Bury St. Edmunds, is an edifice on the first scale of rural mansions. It was designed by the late Earl, (who was also Bishop of Derry,) and the late Mr. Sands, the architect, a native of Ireland: and, as a *coup d'œil*, it resembles the Law Courts, Dublin, engraved in the *Mirror*, vol. xxix. The design consists of an elliptical centre, with a noble amphitheatrical ex-

terior, composed of a double order of columns, (Ionic and Corinthian,) and enriched with *reliefs* of subjects from the Iliad and Odyssey, after the designs of Flaxman. The lower order has a bold projection at the entrance, forming that patrician luxury—a *porte cochère*. Suites of handsome apartments, forming in 'net magnificent galleries on a circular plan, connect the centre with the wings, one only of which has been yet

2 G

completed. This alone, in extent, equals one of the larger London clubs; and the entire design extends six hundred feet in a right line. The works have been forty years in progress, and have occupied an immense number of artificers and labourers from the neighbouring districts, as well as from the metropolis. The mansion stands in a picturesque park, which is ten miles in circuit, and affords several views of the building, rising amidst the rich foliage of the undulating domain; the general effect of which is classical and imposing.

Ickworth is rich in works of art; among which is a group, of heroic size, in marble. The block is said to have been in the possession of the late Earl, and to have been seized on the capture of the noble prelate by Napoleon. After passing under the hand of the sculptor, it was purchased by his present Lordship, and now claims the admiration of every visitor. The subject is Athamas, in a fit of madness, about to destroy the children of Ino: he has already seized upon the infant Learchus, and the mother, with vain struggles and supplications, endeavours to avert its horrid fate. Some good folks, however, who care little for the authority of Hyginus, have engrafted a fable upon the marble, unfortunately less foreign to the incidents of actual life; and tell us that Athamas returning, after a long absence, discovers in the uplifted child the fruit of Ino's incontinence, which, in the phrenzy of wounded honour, he thus annihilates.

Since the completed portion of Ickworth House has been occupied, the old Hall has been converted into a parsonage, and forms the residence of Lord Arthur Hervey, rector of the united parishes of Ickworth and Chedburgh. At a short distance, stands the church, which, partially screened by a noble group of elms, forms an object of picturesque attraction. The sacred edifice is not wanting in antiquarian interest. The chancel is of the thirteenth century, or in what architects term the early English style, being the germ of the Gothic, as distinguished from the Anglo-Norman, or yet earlier, Saxon: and there are other portions in the subsequent variations of architectural character. It is true I found the building in the crudity of recent renovation; but the artist possessed the good taste to leave the more valuable fragments in their garb of venerable grey. An addition had just been made, which externally has the appearance of a small aisle or chapel, and within forms a commodious family pew. It is remarkable for the novelty of its material. Broken pebbles, or the coarser parts of road scrapings, washed in sieves to let the earthy matter escape, and then dried, were intimately mixed with strong pulverized lime and boiling water, and formed into blocks; and

these, when partially indurated, were faced with fine sand, thus giving them an exact resemblance to freestone. This material has been extensively employed by Mr. Ranger, and is more fully noticed in Mr. Goodwin's "*Essay on Concrete*," in the *Transactions of the Institute of British Architects*. The floor of the chancel is chiefly formed of monumental slabs of the Bristol family, which is a lateral branch of the Herveys of Thurleigh Hall, Bedfordshire; descending through "a long line of noble ancestry," from Osbert de Hervey, mentioned as one of the king's justices at Norwich, with Roger de Bigot, in 1190.

T. M * * * s.

THE NIGHT STAR.

From her throne on the mountain,
From her bed in the sea,
From her seat o'er the fountain,
Resplendent and free;
The Night Star in beauty
Has pass'd from our sight.
And the beams of her brightness
Have cloth'd us with light.

She sank in her splendour
At dawning of day,
In a soft stream of glory
She faded away;
So the soul for her freedom,
The mandate when given,
Soars, eager to seek out
Her long hoped for heaven.

C. SPENCE.

RECENT TOUR IN LOWER CANADA.

BY AN EMIGRANT CORRESPONDENT.

(Concluded from page 397.)

At a corner of two principal streets in the city of Quebec, is a painted effigy of Wolfe, with his left hand pointing to the north passage of the St. Lawrence, through which he entered the night previous to his taking the city—a sad oversight on the part of the enemy, in thus allowing him, silently and unmolested, to pass by night that tremendous fort. Despatches prior to this had been forwarded to the General, from England, authorizing him to capture, by any possible means, that important citadel. In reply to these, the undaunted hero informed the government of the utter impracticability of succeeding in the attempt: but long before the information had reached England, the battle was "lost and won," and Wolfe was no more.

The manner in which the general raised his cannon from the ships to the Heights of Abraham, (if report speaks true), is singular enough. To try the strength of the sailors, a large puncheon of rum was ordered to be raised up the precipitous hill; which on its arrival at the top, was freely to be distributed amongst them: this was a strong stimulus for exertion, and the strength of the sailors being fully proved by the experiment, all the cannon in rotation were hoisted aloft.

Though the British traveller now views these regions as part and parcel of his own empire, there is something, at times, which speaks to him of "intrusion:" variety of language, and difference of costume, more commonly remind him of France, than of a new nation under the British flag.

By little incidents, the feelings of the heart at times are accurately portrayed; and distrust, envy, and suspicion, may oftentimes lurk in the hand of assumed friendship: when our troops have disembarked, and marched through Quebec to head-quarters, we have observed the pleasure our music has excited in the Canadian women; and, at the same time, we have noted the lip of scorn raised by the husband. Montcalm or Napoleon glowed, perhaps, in the heart, whilst the glittering bayonets of our brave men passed through the streets of which their forefathers were so lately masters. Notwithstanding this feeling, so natural to a conquered nation, the higher classes in Quebec are kind and hospitable; and whatever part of the suburbs or country the traveller may visit, he is sure to meet with the greatest attention and respect.

Quebec has much to remind you of the times long since passed in Old England. The nunneries,* cathedrals, and collegiate churches of the Catholics, (except for architectural embellishments,) resemble, in more respects than one, the periods of our 15th and 16th centuries: that want of education, too, which so materially kept in darkness our population in those remote times, at this day pervades the society of the lower Canadians; so little is public education encouraged that not one person in ten can write his own name.

The country around Quebec has been justly described by the pen of Mr. M'Gregor. The romantic scenes about Cape Diamond are truly beautiful: at times we have wandered to this fairy knoll, and gathered brief outlines, to form, perhaps, at leisure a more amusing sketch.

Below this high summit, on a summer's day, as the sun slowly fades in the distant horizon, and, as the breeze of evening wafts its cool zephyrs along the St. Lawrence, the pleasure-song of a boating party occasionally is heard, "keeping time with their oars:"

"As swallows swift with dipping wing,
So swift they glide along;
And ever as they lift the oar,
They raise the merry song."

The clamouring noise of Miranza's† cata-racts, or the musical band of a home-bound

* It is worthy of remark that two of the Quebec nunneries have hospitals, to which all sorts and persuasions of Christians are admitted, without regard to age or sex; and the treatment equals, if not exceeds, for benevolence and medical attendance, any of the hospitals in Great Britain.

† More properly known as the Chaudière Falls.

2 G 2

steamer, at this season, remind you, that, however desolate and dreary these parts are in winter, summer repays all with its bounteous and busy life. To close the leaf of such a day, the cannon's rude echo over hill and dale, and the descent of the union flag from the cape, proclaim to the world the ascendancy of British valour!

One fine morning, towards the latter end of July, we "peregrinated" as far as Lorette: it was a pleasant drive of nine miles from Quebec, and amply that visit remunerated us.

Shortly after leaving St. Rocks, on either side, the fields of luxuriant crops, the neatness of the Canadian houses, the distant perspective of noble trees, and the fine relief of a murmuring brook, added beauties to a landscape we can, by pen, but faintly describe. In every winding of the high cliffs was something fresh to attract the attention: here a belted sportsman hieing after musk-rats or pigeons; there, in many a fathom's depth beneath, glided the fishing canoe of a squaw, the pigmy appearance of whose master a crow might almost surpass in size. But, with all these grand and picturesque beauties of Nature, there is no place so dear and fit for reflection as the homes of old England. Interspersed in these gay regions, there is wanting to ruminate on those hoary relics of architectural pride that our forefathers raised to the glory of God:—cathedrals and abbeys, whose grey and aspiring heads bespeak the language of a thousand years.

Indian Lorette is principally the residence of squaws and Canadians, the former of which are very numerous. But instead of the bark-built huts we imagined they dwelt in, they have regular houses, many of which, for convenience and cleanliness, are not surpassed by their more wealthy neighbours.

The Catholic churches, or chapels, at Lorette, have a very pretty appearance. A large, black cross near the entrance of one, reminds the poor soul in its pilgrimage how near it treads to holy ground. Each head-stone of the churchyard has either a cross engraved on the back, or one mounted fast at the top, in memory of the respected dead.

At this place resides the chief of the Indians. He is a venerable old man, noted not less for his valour in war, than for his hospitality to the English; and truly he is deserving the high esteem and respect of those over whom it is his province to govern. In 1825, he visited England, and, on that occasion, was presented to his Majesty, George the Fourth, by whom he was highly honoured. In his own words, "he knelt before the King, who had previously ordered him a military uniform. His Majesty then placed a massive gold medal round his neck, bearing his own impression; at the same time he presented him with a handsome Highland sword, and a likeness of himself from a

painting by Sir T. Lawrence." The frame of the picture, which is costly, bears the cushion, crown, and sceptre, at the top, and at the bottom is engraved the name of the chief, and the date of his receiving it. He has this present suspended in his house, and shows it with no common degree of pride to those who honour him with a visit. It was during his exhibition of these honours, that he produced a silver medal which was given him by Alderman Garratt, Lord Mayor of London in the year of his visit.

We had a long interview with this loyal old man. Amongst other subjects he mentioned that the cruel practice of scalping those enemies who fell in battle, was once practised by the Indians; through the instigation of the English, however, it has long been discontinued.

Many of the Indian females are remarkably handsome: their sweet, smiling faces, with braided hair, peeping beneath their wide-brimmed gipsy bonnets, with a large tail of hair reclining over their backs, and the neatness of their costume, cause them to be universally admired. In the summer season, these girls usually employ their time by making "moggisons,"* or baskets. The young men of the Indian population are generally well proportioned, and in disposition are kind and hospitable; they are strongly inured to exercise, and are capable of much fatigue. Their usual avocations are fishing and shooting; with the bow and arrow they are particularly dexterous, and a boy one day in our presence frequently dislodged a halfpenny, which was buried in the earth, at the distance of forty paces.

During our visit to Lorette, we wandered in the adjacent prairies, and much we found might be gathered for amusement and instruction—for the study of the naturalist, and especially for the entomologist. The recollection of Mr. Galt's "Metropolitan Emigrant"† more than once amused us in the pleasing ramble: we pursued our way, not interrupted, however, by those fearful occurrences experienced by the heroine of that excellent and interesting tale. Wolves and bears have long quitted the woody regions around here, and have retired to lands less frequented.

At Winchester, 140 miles beyond Montreal, these animals still abound. During the last summer, the farmers experienced no trifling damage done to the corn by the nocturnal visitations of bears. At night, when all is still, they silently steal into the corn, but not so much for the purpose of eating it, as of enjoying a regular summer-set; over and over they turn, and, if they are undisturbed, in a few hours your fine

crops would be left a scene of desolation and ruin. Bruin and his associates had played their pranks successively on several farmers in the neighbourhood; and now, in rotation, they visited Mr. Samuel Smith, (a settler from England, from whom this anecdote is derived,) who was fully ready to welcome his shaggy visitors. At twelve o'clock, a solitary gentleman made his appearance, and commenced as before, by rolling himself in the corn: during the time he was sitting on his hind legs, in the attitude of a hare gazing when surprised, he received two slugs from the gun of Mr. Smith, when off he scampered; away flew dogs and men, and long was the chase betwixt bush, and briar, and maple-log, before Bruin took refuge; at last he ascended a tree, when a second shot finished the contention. Having "come in at the death," the next important affair was to retrace the steps taken in the chase; but this was an impossibility, as the moon was veiled in darkness. Making, therefore, the best of a bad bargain, the dogs were lifted by master and man into the tree, under which the bear was lying, and there reposed till the break of day.

Proceeding up the country, the rivers and streams afford the angler almost every variety of fish—perch, black-bass, rock-bass, pike, chub, and trout, are everywhere plentiful.

Here, at present, we must close our short Canadian tour. Convinced of the advantages likely to await any persevering emigrant, we recommend these parts to his attention and consideration. The vast, uncultivated lands, the boundless extent of forests, the richness of soil, and the native grandeur of American scenery, are, indeed, inviting to those who may emigrate to these delightful regions. Let not the wanderer, however, leave his native soil in anticipation of riches and happiness, without the industry to work for them; else in such a case he would surely meet with disappointment. Gathering an example from the little bee, let him pursue his short summer avocations with industry, that the severity of a dreary winter may amply be provided for.

W. ANDREW.

Quebec, Lower Canada.

Spirit of Discovery.

HYDRAULIC TELEGRAPH.

A NOVEL and ingenious method of conveying intelligence from one place to another has been lately invented by Mr. Francis Wishaw, of South Square, Gray's-inn, in which place there is now a model of the contrivance. The principle on which the process is carried on depends on the well-known fact of water always finding its own

* A sort of shoe much worn by the Canadian settlers.

† See Mirror, vol. xxvi., pp. 189-200.

level, (unless under circumstances where operated upon by suction, &c.,) or, in other words, of every part of a stream of water, when left to its natural tendency, continuing to be equidistant from the centre of gravity. The invention is worked by the rising or depression of water, and is therefore appropriately called the "Hydraulic Telegraph."

The detail of it is as follows:—It is proposed to place station-houses at various distances, from 20 to 30, 40, or 50 miles apart, the distances to depend upon the nature of the ground to be traversed, as to its being a level or an unequal surface. From the *termini* of the line, to which the communications are to be made, and of course through the station-houses, leaden pipes are to be laid down at a distance of about five feet from the surface of the earth. In these pipes there is always to be a sufficient supply of water. At the *termini*, say London and Liverpool, and at each station, pipes are to extend from the main pipes into a proper apartment, and an apparatus of glass pipes to be placed at the extremities of them. These glass pipes will be perpendicular, and placed upon a table of figures, which figures by means of a vocabulary or dictionary, are known to represent certain words, and are interpreted by reference to the dictionary, or to the knowledge of their signification which will arise from memory or practice. By cocks fixed to the pipes at each station and at the *termini*, the water in the pipes can be heightened or lowered in such a manner as may be required to enable the water in the glass pipes to rise or fall, so as to bring the upper surface immediately opposite any figure on the table that may be necessary to represent the correspondent word or syllable or sentence in the dictionary. The water rising or falling in the glass pipe instantaneously, and by the principle of always finding its level, rising or falling at the pipes at the corresponding stations in a space of time incredibly rapid. By this means the communication is made from one station to another with the greatest accuracy and velocity, and with little danger of disarrangement.

Another detail of the same principle, which is appended to the model of this contrivance now exhibited at the office of Mr. Whishaw, is the use of cylinders at the extremity of the pipes at the stations, in which cylinders are floats, to one of which floats, in one contrivance, an upright piece of wood is fixed, which operates upon a transverse horizontal index traversing a sextant table, on which the figures representing the words are marked; and on a float in another cylinder an upright index is placed, having a small horizontal piece of wire pointing to figures on an upright oblong table.

These last two methods are elegant and ingenious, but do not perhaps, at least as far as can be discerned at a first and cursory inspection materially improve the machine. The pipe of the model now in operation extends from a back room in the office of the inventor through a larger room, and into a third apartment. The pipe is about half an inch in diameter, a dimension said to be large enough for the actual plan, convoluted and twisted in many folds, in order to render the distance through the pipe as long as possible. At each end of it cocks to regulate the water, and upright glass pipes, such as have been described, with tables of figures, are affixed, in which the water mounts and falls by the regulation of the cocks, the surface pointing to the figures on the tables, as mercury or spirits of wine in a thermometer points to the scale of heat and cold. In the experiments which have been made, sentences of several words have been communicated with the greatest rapidity from one room to the other, and the interpretation, although the vocabulary of Mr. Whishaw at present has not above twelve thousand words, has been perfect.

The rough estimate of the expense of a telegraph of this sort, including stations and contingent expenses, is 200*l.* a mile. The invention is exceedingly curious, though dependent on a well known and simple principle. It is well worthy a visit from all scientific persons, and from all who are interested in the rapid transmission of intelligence from places at great distances apart.—*Times.*

Fine Arts.

LONDON STREET IMPROVEMENTS.

ALONG the whole of that extensive line reaching from London Bridge to Finsbury, the city has now assumed an entirely different appearance from what it had a few years ago: for the improvements in this quarter vie with those of a similar description previously made at the west end of the town. The contrast between these new streets and the older ones is striking enough, and that not only as regards the width of the streets themselves and the architectural embellishments of the houses, but the greatly improved style of building,—well proportioned windows and wide piers between them, which give them a certain nobleness of aspect, independent of ornament; whereas in the older streets the generality of the houses have not only a mean, but very squeezed-up appearance. This improved taste manifests itself more especially in the range of building on the west side of Princes' Street, and in the new street in continuation of it from Lothbury to Finsbury. This latter, in some respects, deserves the

preference over Regent Street: the street itself is not so inconveniently and dangerously wide in its carriage way, for foot passengers to cross, while it is sufficiently wide for architectural effect. Nay, the buildings here show to even greater advantage than in the street just mentioned, since the width between the houses does not exceed their height; consequently, the latter appear loftier than they would do, were the width greater, as is the case in Regent Street. Another circumstance that conduces not a little towards the same effect is, that the houses are of the same height throughout it, and crowned by a bold, general cornice, with only a balustrade above it, whereby due finish and expression are given to the elevation. In the immediate vicinity of this street, viz., opposite the entrance into the Lothbury Court of the Bank of England, an extensive edifice has been begun for the London and Westminster Bank, of which Mr. Cockerell and Mr. Tite are said to be jointly the architects. Of this we hope to be able to speak fully next year, should the building itself deserve particular notice; which, from the little that now shows itself, may fairly be anticipated. In Cornhill, facing the Royal Exchange, is the new Marine Insurance Office, by J. Davies, a more showy than effective piece of architecture, marked by some of the least commendable characteristics of the Italian style, such as abortive Ionic capitals, panelled pedestals, and a number of petty columns—those, namely, attached to the triple window on each floor, and forming three consecutive orders one above the other. Another unpleasant circumstance in the design is, that the summit has no other cornice than that of the uppermost window, or open loggia, neither is this extended beyond the width of the loggia itself. In fact, the architecture is, here, quite subordinate to the sculpture, which makes a very unusual degree of display; for not only are the figures considerably larger than life, but are introduced into the lower part of the front so as to be very conspicuous, and distinctly seen from the opposite side of the street. They consist of two semi-recumbent females, in relief, one representing navigation, the other Hope, which fill up the spandrels of the arch forming the upper part of the ground-floor window. This arch has also a magnificent console key-stone, with a figure of Britannia, between three and four feet in height, and *alto relievo*. Taken by itself, this horizontal division of the front, which has been so strikingly embellished by the chisel of Mr. Nixon, has an air of dignity, that makes all the rest, more particularly the part just below it, appear quite trivial and insignificant. Almost close by, at the point where Cornhill and Lombard Street branch off, is the new Globe Insurance Office, of which Mr.

P. Hardwick is the architect. It promises to become a handsome architectural object, and cannot escape being a very conspicuous one. The principal front, viz. that fronting the Cheapside and the Poultry, has a curved or bowed centre, in which are three windows on a floor. In Cheapside itself, that part of the vestibule of Mercer's Hall, which adjoins the street, has been decorated with a Doric order in pilasters. Nearly opposite the end of Chancery Lane in Fleet Street has been erected a stone-fronted building for the Legal and General Life Assurance Office, a narrow façade, three windows in width, and consisting of two floors above the lower or ground one. This latter is a distyle in antis, or more properly between two half columns, of an exceedingly plain Doric or Tuscan order. Immediately above this are three circular-headed windows recessed within arches, having impost caps and moulded archivolt; while those of the upper range are square-headed. In regard to these, the architect (Mr. Hopper, if our information be correct) cannot be said to have been too sparing, since in addition to the architrave mouldings around them, they have pilasters with their full entablature, and likewise pediments, the middle one of which is carved. The elevation is terminated by a plain cornice and balustrade above it. In the same neighbourhood a rather extensive alteration is now in progress, one which will greatly improve that part of Chancery Lane, so long disfigured and obstructed by the shabby old buildings of Sergeant's Inn, whose upper part projected and overhung the street. These have now been cleared away, although some of those in the court behind it have not yet been taken down. What is already done, however, leaves no doubt as to the style of the whole. This makes no great pretensions as to design, as it has merely a basement floor with horizontal rustic lines, and two series of windows above it, whose dressings constitute nearly all the architectural embellishment. The street front will range with the other houses, and as its elevation towards the street will resemble that of the part described, it will at least be handsome and solid in its appearance, though without any thing to be particularly admired.—*Companion to the Almanack.*

Manners and Customs.

THE SANCTUS BELL.

It is well known that, in most of our churches, a mode is adopted to convey to the parishioners an intimation of the period when divine service commences and ends: the former is done by chiming one, two, or more bells, then by ringing the tenor or heaviest bell only for a given time, and, that

being done, by ringing the small bell, which is sometimes done at the bidding of the officiating minister, and at other times at a fixed minute.

I recollect, when a boy, that in our parish church, which contained three large bells and a small one, we commenced ringing two of them for about an hour previous to the time fixed for commencing the prayers, and continued it for 25 minutes; the three were then chimed for 20 minutes; if a sermon was to be preached, the tenor was rung for 10 minutes; after which, a tiny bell, not much larger than such as is used by town-criers, was set in motion for four or five minutes.

At the end of the service, another bell was rung, which was a signal to set boys and young men running out of the church in such indecent haste, as if they were afraid the place was on fire and their lives in danger. I think it probable that the small bell above alluded to was what was formerly called "the Sanctus bell." I recollect, in our church, it was placed in an upper story of the tower, by itself, and did not form a part of the peal; being insignificantly inferior to the others in size, although that defect was made up in shrillness.

I believe the custom of ringing the Sanctus or Saint's bell had its origin in the practice of the Church of Rome, in which it is usual, on the elevation of the host, to cause one or more small bells to be rung to invite the prayers and attention of the faithful.

In Sir Peter Leycester's *Historical Antiquities of London*, published in 1673, and quoted in the *Antiquarian Repertory*, is the following passage:—

"The Saint's bell, as many permit, was not so called from the name of the saint that was inscribed on it, or of the church to which it belonged, but because it was always rung out when the priest came to that part of the service—*Sancte, Sancte Domine Deus Sabaoth*," purposely that they who could not come to church might understand what a solemn office the congregation were at that instant engaged in, and so, even in their absence, be once at least moved to lift up their hearts to Him that made them. For this reason, the Saint's bell was generally hung where it might be heard farthest—sometimes in a lantern at the top of the steeple, or in a turret at one corner of it, if a tower; and sometimes in an arch or gallows on the outside of the roof, between the church and chancel. This last sort were so placed that the rope might come down into the choir, and so being near the altar, the bell might be more readily rung out as soon as ever the priest came to the sacred words."
—Vol. ii., p. 425.

This bell, in monasteries, abbeys, and such places, was generally fixed in a small turret

by itself, at the east end of the edifice, as the prints of remains of these religious structures will testify. P. Q.

FEMALE HEAD-DRESS IN ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 353.)*

OUR readers may remember Rowland Hill's describing his wife's new bonnet as a chest of drawers upon her head; but, what will they say to ladies wearing four-wheeled carriages upon their hair, such as they did about the middle of the last century? The *Connoisseur*, No. 112, describes the fashion, in 1756, to have been "for every female to load her head with some kind of carriage," &c. Again, the writer learned from a fashionable milliner, at the court end of the town, that the "vehicle itself was constructed of gold threads, and was drawn by six dapple grays of blown glass, with a coachman, postilion, a gentleman within, of the same brittle manufacture," &c.; "placing it on the palm of my hand, I could not help fancying myself Gulliver taking up the Empress of Lilliput in her state coach. The milliners called these vehicular ornaments, cabrioles or caprioles—"a polite female would no more fix her affections on a man who drives but a beggarly pair, than she would be contented with being tumbled down to his country seat like Punch's wife to Rumford, in a wheelbarrow." In a poem called *Modern Morning*, Celia says to her maid:

"Nelly! where is the creature fled?
Put my post-chaise upon my head."

The same poem speaks of ladies wearing the broad-wheeled wagon as an improvement on the above fashion. In a note, "Post-chaise—Be it remembered, that in the year 1756, many ladies of fortune and fashion, willing to set an example of prudence and economy to their inferiors, did invent and make public, without a patent, a machine for the head, in the form of a post-chaise and horses. And another imitating a chair and chairman, which were frequently worn by people of distinction."

Bulwer, in his *Artificial Changing*, gives a curious woodcut of a lady wearing a variety of patches, one of which is in the form of a carriage and horses; and, from other authorities it appears that these ornaments (?) were of almost infinite variety of forms. In *Wit Restored*, 1658, is a poem entitled *The Bursse of Reformation*:

"Her patches are of every cut,
For pimples and for scars,
Here's all the wand'ring planet's signs
And some o' th' fixed stars,
Already gum'd to make them stick,
They need no other sky.
Nor stars for Lully for to view
To tell your fortunes by," &c.

* In the Cut at page 352, the dates 1730 and 1779 should be reversed.



(From Prints to Richardson's Pamela, 1745.)

(Fashionable Hat and Head-dresses.)

In the *Spectator*, No. 323, is a Journal of a Lady: "from 8 to 9, shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eye-brow." Again, in No. 81, is an account of ladies being divided into parties, as Whigs and Tories, by the wearing of patches. The *Spectator* also mentions that patches were worn by men. The *Athenian Mercury*, (1693,) by John Dunton, speaks of "a whole box-full of half-moons and lozenges."

In the *London Chronicle* for 1762 we read of the French Night Cap: "our fine women have by covering their cheeks by this fashion, put their faces into an eclipse. Each lady, when dressed in this mode, can only peep under the lace border. Perhaps, they are intended like blinds to a horse's head, to teach ladies to look forward." "Some ill-natured persons go so far as to say, that every woman who wears these visage-covers has done something she should be a little ashamed of, and, therefore, don't care to show much of her face."

The *Ranelagh Mob*; or the *Hood from Low Life*, is a piece of gauze, minionette catgut, or Leicester web, &c. which is clouted about the head, then crossed under the chin, and brought back to fasten behind, the two ends hanging down like a pair of pigeon's tails. This fashion is copied from the silk handkerchiefs, which market-women tie over their ears, roll about their throats, and then pin up the nape of their necks. They were first worn in the Inner Square of Covent Garden Market, among the green-stalls; and from thence were introduced into the out-

ward squares or piazzas, among the stalls there. Thence the mob was carried to Ranelagh, where the ladies of fashion almost immediately took the hint.

"The *Mary Queen of Scots cap*, edged down the face with French beads, was very becoming to some complexions; but, as the cap was made of black gauze, and saved washing, it had too much of housewifery in it, ever to be of immense taste.

"The *Fly cap* is fixed upon the forehead, forming the figure of an overgrown butterfly, resting upon its head, with outstretched wings; 'tis much worn at present, not that it either adds to the colour or outlines of the face; but as these caps are edged with garnets, topazes, or brilliants, they are very sparkling, and a side-box appearance is not now altogether the consultation of elegance, but ornament.

"Therefore, those ladies who make the most show, are looked upon to be the finest women.

"It is become a very interesting dispute among the connoisseurs in general, whether the present turban roll, which is now worn round the Mecklenburg caps, was taken from the Egyptian fillet, the Persian tiara, or wreath, round the oldest Faustina's temples."

Goldsmith, describing his "Cousin Hannah," (aged 66,) says that "her cap, if cap it might be called that cap was none, consisted of a few bits of cambric, and flowers of painted paper, stuck on one side of the head."

Mr. Repton next proceeds to make a few observations upon the various

Fashions of Dressing the Hair ;

"for, however, curious it may be to trace the fancies and fashions of our ancestors in the invention of the head-dress, the disposal of that ornament which has been bestowed by Nature upon the fair sex, must always be of more interest than the artificial adornment which can be constructed by human invention. Mr. Repton commences with the reign of Henry VII. On viewing the various pictures of head-dresses of this date, and during the greater part of the reign of Henry VIII., it appears that the hair was hardly visible, or if seen, it was parted on the forehead and uncurled ; this fashion continued as late as the end of Henry VIII., as worn by Catherine Parr.

In the reign of Mary, the hair was still parted, but was arranged differently, and continued so till the middle of the reign of Elizabeth ; but, before the end of her reign, the hair was made to stick up, and was curled, and sometimes formed into a circle or an oval ; and this bad taste continued during the whole reign of James I. (See fig. 6, at page 129 of the present volume.)

But, soon after that period, and during a great part of the reign of Charles I., the hair was arranged with better taste, in many small curls, hanging down on each side of the face, combed from the forehead, and braided into a knot at the back of the head ; this knot was frequently ornamented with jewels and pearls, and sometimes a black or white feather was placed to hang down on one side ; but soon after, and during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., the hair was made either to hang in long curls resembling corkscrews, or with long locks flowing down below the shoulders.

The puritanical Stubbes, in 1585, makes loud complaint of "the trimming and tricking of their heads, in laying out their hair, which, of course, must be curled, frizzled, and crisped, laid out, (a world to see,) on wreathes and borders, one eare to the other ; underpropped with forks, wires, and I cannot tell what."—"And, for feare of lacking any thing to set forth their pride withall, at their haire thus wreathed and crested, are hanged bugles, (I dare not say bubbles,) ouches, rynges, gold, silver, glasses, and such other childishe gewgawes."

In 1628, appeared Prynne's curious work, entitled *The Unloveliness of Love-locks*, in which he speaks of the "womanish, sirfull, and unmanly cringing, curling, frowning, powdering, and nourishing of their lockes," &c.

The love-lock was a single lock hanging on one side, and sometimes ornamented with a ribbon, as in the portrait of the Duchess of Richmond, by Vandyck. The Lady E. Shirley has a long braided lock on one side, and ornamented with pearls twisted round.

The poets, in their writings, give the preference to the female hair when allowed to flow naturally ; as in this quotation from Chalkhill's *Thealma* and *Clearchuse* :—

"Her loose haire
Hang on her shoulders sporting with the air,
Her brow a coronet of rosebuds crown'd,
With loving woodbine's sweet embraces bound,
Two globe-like pearls were pendent to her ears,
And on her breast a costly gem she wears."

Hamilton, in his *Memoirs of the Count de Grammont*, gives a spirited account of his sister :—"Her forehead was open, white, and smooth ; her hair was well set, and fell with ease in that natural order which it is difficult to imitate." The same author thus describes a country wedding :—"The little that was seen of the bride's face appeared not without beauty ; but no judgment could be formed of the remainder. Four dozen of patches, at the least, and ten ringlets on each side, most completely concealed her from all human eyes."

Lady W. Montague, describing in one of her letters the coronation of 1727, says :—"The poor Duchess of M * * * se crept along with a dozen of black snakes playing round her face."

In former times, a distinction appears to have been made between the head-dresses of married and single ladies, the latter being uncovered. On one side of a tomb in Hedingham church, (Essex,) four ladies are represented kneeling. Three of them have caps ; two have the ring on the wedding finger ; the third has the ring on the forefinger ; but the fourth has no ring, and her hair hanging down, confined only by a fillet, ornamented with jewels.

In the ceremony of marriage in former days, the bride walked to church with her hair hanging loose behind. A plate in Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*, represents the marriage of Henry VI., where not only the bride, but also the bride's maid is seen with dishevelled hair. The hair of Ann Boleyn is likewise so described when she went to the altar with Henry VIII.

On the union of Carr, Earl of Somerset, with the daughter of Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, "the bride was married in her hair, that is, with her hair hanging loosely down, as the Princess Elizabeth had been."

In the *White Devil*, or *Vittoria Corombona*, by Webster, 1612 :

"Come, come, my lord, untie your folded thoughts,
And let them dangle loose, as a bride's hair."

Anne of Cleves, on the day of her marriage, was "attired in cloth of gold embroidered with flowers of pearl, on her head a coronet of gold and precious stones, set full of branches of rosemary. Her long yellow hair, no longer confined by a caul, hung over her shoulders."—*The Loseley MSS.* edited by J. A. Kempe, Esq.

In olden times, yellow hair was reckoned

very beautiful: it is frequently mentioned by early writers, and is still to be found in old painting:

"The *her* schou upon her bed
As gold wyre that schineth bryght."
Romaunce de Launful.

Again:

"Hur hayre faxe
That was yelow as the waxe,
And schone also as gold redd."
La Bone Florence of Rome.

Popular Antiquities.

ANGLO-ROMAN VILLA.

THE *Bucks Gazette* states, that the remains of a Roman villa have been recently discovered within two miles of Buckingham, on the road to Stoney Stratford, on a farm belonging to his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, who has given directions that the whole of the foundation shall be explored. Already, a *frigidarium* and *caldarium*, (cold and warm bath,) have been discovered, lined with red-coloured stucco, and a great quantity of loose *tesserae*, which composed the floor of one of the adjoining rooms, probably the *apodyterium* or undressing-room. Large, square, hollow tiles, which had evidently been used as flues to warm the sudatoria or sweating rooms, have also been dug out. Within these few days another floor, composed of coarse red *tesserae*, has been exposed and a coin found with the reverse bearing the Cross and the Alpha and Omega, indicating that it was struck subsequently to the time of Constantine, and probably by one of his sons or the usurper, Decentius, whose head and coin it most resembles, though the inscription is illegible. Within a mile of this villa are two *tumuli* or barrows, supposed to contain the remains of Roman generals; they do not appear to have been opened, and as they are situated on the property of the Duke of Buckingham, it is probable they will be examined. Bishop Kennett, in his *Parochial Antiquities*, states that Buckingham must have been a place of considerable antiquity, as the spot near which the Roman General Aulus Plautius surprised and routed the Britons, under the command of Caractacus and Togodumnus, the sons of Cunobelin. And it is probable the barrows above alluded to may be the almost imperishable monuments of that event. The town was celebrated in early Saxon times as the burial place of St. Rumbald, who was born at King's Sutton, and who, according to a Popish legend, lived only three days; but during a short time after birth declared himself a Christian, and bequeathed his body after death to Sutton for one year, to Brackley for two years, and then to Buckingham for ever. Pilgrims came in crowds to his shrine and well, which still exists.

The Sketch-Book.

ETRETAT, AND ITS HERRING FISHERY.

(From the French. By M. L. B.)

ETRETAT is a little town, six leagues from Havre, celebrated for its oysters. Nine beds, dug at a great depth, in a rock harder than marble, and which cannot be raised but in little bits smaller than a walnut, have at times cost near a million of money, and ruined the speculators: ten years ago there was not an oyster which came from Etretat; now the oysters of Etretat are sold in the street Montorgueil!

Etretat is composed of low houses and cottages, which afford precarious asylums to 1,700 persons. It stands in a narrow valley, between two hills, which, presenting on each side a cliff to the sea, form a natural dyke 350 feet high. The defile, wherein stand the habitations, is lower than the sea at the hour of high water; and one can scarcely sufficiently admire the careless tranquillity of the people, who regard as a certainty the disappearance of Etretat, some day beneath the waves. The shingle which, when a north wind blows, the ocean rolls up and masses together, and which is sent down again with equal rapidity by a land-wind, the inhabitants are pleased to call their Dyke. The chief magistrate of the place, the Maire, comes from time to time to observe the whereabouts of this Dyke,—to know whether it exists or not; and should the sea have taken back its shingle, he utters in a loud voice, sincere, but little efficacious, wishes that it would restore it. The Maire, for the rest, is a keen sportsman, who does not make much use of his authority, except for putting in execution with the greatest severity the prohibitions relative to carrying fire-arms and game licenses. Should a stranger be seen shooting sea-gulls on the shore, he is a lost character in magisterial estimation. The Maire returns his bow with affected indifference, and every body else gives him the cold shoulder.* In this respect, at least, there is some resemblance between M. le Maire, of Etretat, and Henry the Fourth, who caused all to be hung as poachers, convicted of killing a rabbit.

At times, the sea has discovered the remains of very strong walls which fact confirms the general opinion of the country, that a town, of date considerably anterior to Etretat now existing, has been, in other days, swallowed up. For about twenty years, the sea has risen five feet in Etretat, and in some years it has there remained five hours, carry-

* There is, we believe, a superstition attached to sea-gulls, which renders the destroying them terribly unlucky, in the opinion of sailors, and the population resident on sea-coasts. Hence, probably, and not on mere question of sporting right, arises the discourtesy of the Maire and people of Etretat, to the luckless wight making war on these ominous birds.—*Trans.*

ing away in its retreat a few houses, which were not long in being ground into shingles. In spite of this past experience, so threatening for the future, no person can be persuaded to build his house on the side of one or the other hill; all, without exception, are planted in the narrow gorge, through which there needs but a gale of wind for the sea to open a passage.

On each side, the white cliffs resemble immense cathedrals, forming vast arcades, beneath which people walk, at low water, upon the bed occupied by the sea but an hour before. For these walks, it is prudent to know precisely the time of high water, and not to loiter by the way; this precaution not having been taken, we have beheld realized the scene described by Scott in the *Antiquary*.

A few anecdotal reminiscences are attached to Etretat. At the time of the French Revolution, a rock, which is now visible at low water, appeared one evening for the first time. The inhabitants of the coast took it for an English vessel attempting a descent, and passed a good part of the night in firing at it with muskets; one of the most obstinate of these marksmen, who is yet living, showed us the rock.

About the same time, an ordained priest, (whose name we forbear to mention, because he is now *curé* of a neighbouring commune,) came, clad in his pontifical vestments, commanding the sea, in the name of God and the National Convention, to rise no higher. A pitiless wave, which wetted the surplice of this envoy of Heaven, obliged him quickly to retreat.

The story of a sailor is also told, who, under the empire, not to be made a soldier, sustained a siege of three weeks against many companies sent to take him, dead or alive. We were shown the hole where Romaine, (that was his name,) made his brave defence.

The church of Etretat is Gothic, and would be very handsome, if the people had not added to it a sort of shed, and some blue and red images in execrable taste, representing male and female saints. It is much frequented; and faith, in fact, seeks to adorn that to which it is attached.

The people derive their subsistence from two sources,—fishing, and the manufacture of calico; and what is singular in the last is, that the mariners who return from a fishing voyage, above all from the herring fishery, which is at the beginning of winter, victorious in a struggle against winds and waves, quit the jerkin and tanned breeches for the loom and shuttle. Whilst at sea, they need courage, daring, strength, presence of mind, contempt of life, and what is more, of suffering,—in a word, the noblest qualities given to man to possess; but, the fishing finished, the same men become no more than part of a weaving machine: and what

they do a little wheel-work would do, at least well. This work, also, seems hardest for them to bear. When the fishing season arrives, they joyfully quit the safe and peaceful labours of the factory to return to the sea; the wind, the frost, may be, even to death; for almost every year Etretat loses several men, and on Sundays, at mass, a number of women and children may be seen dressed in black.

This is a mourning which powerfully strikes the imagination; awaking, not as amongst us, the idea of a death, the necessary consequence of a completed life, but picturing an existence of hardship and the most cruel of dissolutions, amid foaming and roaring waves, howling winds, torn sails, broken masts, and shattered vessels, whose wrecks are driven afar; a death, after a long and courageous struggle—after a desperate conflict! It is no longer man falling asleep in the evening of life, and tranquilly closing his eyes upon the pillow whereon he closed them for nightly slumber; but it is man who, in prayer, in blasphemy, or in madness, dies at sea, calling on his wife and children,—in sight, perhaps, of the shore on which a wave could cast him, or from which a wave may tear him whilst clinging with his fingers to the points of a rock. The drowned man is stiffened in the disfigurement of frenzy and suffering; his eyes start from their sockets, his nails are torn, and his head is bloody!

You may have seen the boat depart, and, after some time, hear it rumoured that *that* boat is lost!—Lost! how horribly expressive is then the word. Lost!—the sea has opened and closed over all those men whose hands you have pressed, with whom you have chinked glasses, and whose joyous voices met your ear for the last time when they gave the signal for departure; you then recall the tone of those voices, only to hear them solemn and heart-rending, at the moment when the roaring wave closed over them for ever! This,—this then, is the mourning which overwhelms the soul!

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Public Journals.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

A FIRST-RATE talker generally estimates the pleasantness of his circle by the share which his own conversation has had in contributing to its pleasantness. This is often evidently unconscious. Johnson, when he had talked for a whole evening, aweing all other professed talkers, and delighting every body, but not merely throwing all into the shade, but into silence, used to say, on taking his leave, "Well, sir, this has been a good evening; we have had good talk. The communication of minds is always of use. Thought flowed freely this evening."

The celebrated Curran, the Irish barrister, whose mind was a perpetual sparkle, thus sometimes mistook his own abundant contribution for that of his company. In the mornings which succeeded a night of anecdote and animation, he has observed, "Well, we have had a delightful dinner; all were in capital spirits. I never remember to have been more amused." During all this period of amusement, Curran himself had been almost the only one who had uttered a syllable; yet, if uttered, that syllable was merely to keep him in motion; or, as Burke said of his conversations with Johnson, "only to ring the bell."

A capital story is told of an experiment on this gay unconsciousness. The personage may have been Madame de Staël. With her, conversation was not an indulgence, but a profession; not a power, but a passion. In Paris she lived but to talk; and when at length she began to talk politics, reckless of the great Napoleon, who, a capital talker himself, would suffer no rival in either politics or conversation; and when, in consequence of that rash display, the brilliant Madame was expelled France, and sent to rove round the spell-bound frontier, her lamentation was not that she had lost her country, but that she had lost her *conteurs*—not that she had lost her rights as a citizen, but her triumphs as a talker—not that she had left Paris behind, but that in future she must send her epigrams by the post, and waste her showy sophisms upon the flat faces and flatter minds of the Germans. Whether the ingenious trick was attempted upon this lady, or upon her similar, for second she had none, we cannot tell; but one day a gentleman was introduced into the circle of which this dashing talker formed the star, and introduced as possessing remarkable conversational powers. Some favourite topic was introduced, and the female orator held forth with her usual brilliancy. The gentleman bowed, smiled; occasional murmurs of applause were heard from the company, and the orator went on. A few chance questions, or a slight change of the topic by some of the circle, kept up the heroine's spirits, and she continued to discuss and sparkle until the party broke up. She was then asked by the lady of the mansion how she liked the evening, "Incomparably delightful!" was the answer. "But how did you like M. Sechendorf?" the introduced gentleman. "Oh, I found him delightful too—he converses well!" "Do you recollect any thing that he said?" "Oh, I am sure I ought to have recollected a thousand things, though really at this moment I forget every thing, except that he kept up the conversation charmingly." The surrounding crowd listened and smiled. Madame took her leave, the smile burst into a laugh, M. Sechendorf had not uttered a word during the evening, for the most sufficient reason, he was dumb.

The ruling passion is powerful even in physicians. Matonin, physician to the King of France, was so fond of administering medicine, that seeing all the phials and pill-boxes of his patient completely emptied, and ranged in order on his table, he said, "Ah, sir, it gives me pleasure to attend you, you *deserve* to be ill."

Now to fix the unfixable. The editor of a provincial paper, frequently intruded upon by a Paul Pry of the town, said that he came so often, and sat so long, that when he died his shadow was found fixed upon the wall. Jonathan improves in his exaggerations. An Englishman was observing that the good feeding of England produced the fattest men in the world. Jonathan contended that the good feeding of the States produced the fattest women. "What did your Daniel Lambert weigh?" said the American. "About fifty stone," was the answer. "Pooh, that's nothing," said the Yankee, "we have in Pennsylvania at least a dozen women, each the girth of Penn's tree, and one in Staten island, that it would take a fortnight to walk round."

The tradesmen in one of the northern towns are remarkable fellows for public meetings. A rise in peas or potatoes, squirrels' tails or sawdust, is always arranged by a public meeting, and immortalized by a handsome flow of oratory. Some time since, by a public resolution, the dealers in eggs determined at once to raise the price to the consumers, and to lower them to the producers. The consumers grumbled, but were, of course, compelled to submit. The producers, though they had the remedy rather more in their own hands, for awhile submitted too. At length the dealers determined to pay no more than sixpence a dozen for the eggs. This, as the late Lord Liverpool said, was too bad; the farmers remonstrated, but the tradesmen said that the price had been fixed at a public meeting, and that they could give no more. "What have you brought for sale?" was the question to one of the farmers. "Not an egg," said the farmer, "for the hens have had a meeting too, and passed a resolution not to be at the trouble of laying eggs for so shabby a price as sixpence a dozen."

Mathews, in his Adelphi entertainments, used to tell an excellent story of what would be called in the workhouse phrase the dietary system, of two Frenchmen who rambled their way to live on their wits in London. The Frenchmen, on finding the finances on which they expected to live for a year, running to the dregs within a week in the expenses of London, determined to separate for the purpose of greater economy. At the end of a month they met by accident; Monsieur Jean stared at the sight of Monsieur Pierre, as if he were an apparition. Monsieur Pierre gazed on Monsieur Jean with a mixture of

envy and astonishment, for Monsieur Jean had become as corpulent as an alderman, while Monsieur Pierre was reduced to skin and bone. "Ma foi," said the starving Pierre, "how is all this? I am half starved. For the last fortnight I have lived on bread and water, while you look as round as a burgo-master."—"The matter is easily explained," said Monsieur Jean; "I lived on a delightful thing that cost me only four sous a day."—"Ma foi," said the starving Pierre, "tell me what it is? What do they call it?"—"What it is I don't know," was the answer, "but they called it cat's meat."—"But we think the following expedient for cheap living nearly equal to the discovery of Monsieur Jean. The receipt is given as the substance of a book written by Dr. Alcott, a physician of Salem:—"For breakfast take two cents' worth (a halfpenny) of dried apples, without drink; for dinner drink a quart of water to swell the apples; take tea with a friend." This, we have no doubt, is a capital receipt to bring patients to the doctor, though we think some other word than substance should be used in its description.

The blunders of the newspapers are sometimes amusing. A Mrs. O'way advertises a school for tuition in fashionable dancing, adding that there is *no entrance*.

An auctioneer's placard announces a splendid nobleman's mansion to be disposed of *unfurnished, with every convenience*.

The advertisement of a suburb theatre announces to gentlemen and ladies that a *consort* will be given every evening during the license.

A wooden dog-kennel appears on a wall in Lambeth, with chalked upon it, "Enquire within."

A coffin-maker in one of the leading streets of London happening to have apartments to let, has pasted his bills upon the coffins in his window, announcing "Lodgings for single gentlemen."

If brevity is the soul of wit, what are we to think of the art of a correspondence in which the two letters contained but two figures? The first letter contained but a note of interrogation, implying, Is there any news? The answer contained but a cipher, None. This was clever: but a cleverer contrivance still was that of the grocer who painted on his shop window two large T's, one coloured black, and the other green. This saved the trouble of telling the world at length that he sold capital tea of both kinds, black and green.

An advertisement, offering a reward for some family documents, and mentioning at the end that it was not to be repeated, an old woman, caught by the conclusion, said—"What, not to be repeated—eh, sirs, that must be a great secret."

We should conceive the following adver-

tisement rather difficult to be answered: "If John Thomas, who was supposed to have died at Tortola in the year 1829, should meet this notice, by calling on Mr. Vincent, solicitor, in the Minorities, he will hear of something to his advantage."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

Notes of a Reader.

PICKWICKIANA. BY BOZ.

Betting.

The office of Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, of the Stock Exchange, was in a first floor up a court behind the Bank of England; the house of Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, was at Brixton, Surrey; the horse and stanhope of Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, were at an adjacent livery stable; the groom of Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, was on his way to the West End to deliver some game; the clerk of Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, had gone to his dinner; and so Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, himself, cried, "Come in," when Mr. Pell and his companions knocked at the counting-house door.

"Well, I'll bet you half-a-dozen of claret on it; come," said Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, resuming the conversation to which Mr. Pell's entrance had caused a momentary interruption.

This was addressed to a very smart young gentleman who wore his hat on his right whisker, and was lounging over the desk killing flies with a ruler. Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, was balancing himself on two legs of an office stool, spearing a wafer-box with a penknife, which he dropped every now and then with great dexterity into the very centre of a small, red wafer that was stuck outside. Both gentlemen had very open waistcoats and very rolling collars, and very small boots and very big rings, and very little watches and very large guard chains, and symmetrical inexpressibles and scented pocket handkerchiefs.

"I never bet half-a-dozen," said the other gentleman. "I'll take a dozen."

"Done, Simmery, done!" said Wilkins Flasher, Esquire.

"P. P., mind," observed the other.

"Of course," replied Wilkins Flasher, Esquire; and Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, entered it in a little book with a gold pencil-case, and the other gentleman entered it also, in another little book with another gold pencil case.

"I see there's a notice up this morning about Boffer," observed Mr. Simmery. "Poor devil, he's expelled the house."

"I'll bet you ten guineas to five he cuts his throat," said Wilkins Flasher, Esquire.

"Done," replied Mr. Simmery.

"Stop! I bar," said Wilkins Flasher,

Esquire, thoughtfully. "Perhaps he may hang himself."

"Very good," rejoined Mr. Simmery, pulling out the gold pencil-case again. "I've no objection to take you that way. Say—makes away with himself."

"Kills himself, in fact," said Wilkins Flasher, Esquire.

"Just so," replied Mr. Simmery, putting it down. "'Flasher—ten guineas to five, Boffer kills himself.' Within what time shall we say?"

"A fortnight?" suggested Wilkins Flasher, Esquire.

"Confound it, no;" rejoined Mr. Simmery, stopping for an instant to smash a fly with the ruler. "Say a week."

"Split the difference," said Wilkins Flasher, Esquire. "Make it ten days."

"Well; ten days," rejoined Mr. Simmery.

So, it was entered down in the little books that Boffer was to kill himself within ten days, or Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, was to hand over to Frank Simmery, Esquire, the sum of ten guineas; and that if Boffer did kill himself within that time, Frank Simmery, Esquire, would pay to Wilkins Flasher, Esquire, five guineas, instead.

"I'm very sorry he has failed," said Wilkins Flasher, Esquire. "Capital dinners he gave."

"Fine port he had too," remarked Mr. Simmery. "We are going to send our butler to the sale to-morrow, to pick up some of that sixty-four."

"The devil you are!" said Wilkins Flasher, Esquire. "My man's going too. Five guineas my man outbids your man."

"Done."

Another entry was made in the little books with the gold pencil-cases; and Mr. Simmery having by this time killed all the flies and taken all the bets, strolled away to the Stock Exchange to see what was going forward.

OLDEN SUPERSTITIONS.

WHATEVER our notions may be as to our ancestors' learning, we are all of us, however, quite clear on one point, that they were very superstitious—that the whole of them believed in astrology, fortune-telling, dreams, &c. &c., and if we wish to stamp them as most particularly absurd, we appeal to the ordeal—the trial by hot iron or hot water! Would it not be just as well if we ascertained, not whether such things were, but how they were spoken of and thought of by that class of persons to which we might even now not think it too great a condescension just to speak a word or two? They might find our friend, Peter of Blois, expressing himself very sensibly on this point. "No dreams will ever make me have any

faith in dreams. I am far from denying that the mind, either from the relics of its thoughts, or its innate sagacity, prefigures some images of the future, but it is frequently deceived. I have often found by experience that dreams which promised me good fortune, turned out very differently. Let me, then, advise you, my excellent friend, to give no heed to dreams, and to avoid the error of those who are afraid of meeting a hare; or are shocked at meeting a woman with dishevelled hair, a blind or a lame man, or a monk; and who feel sure of a pleasant reception if a wolf or a dove crosses them; if St. Martin's bird flies from left to right; if, as they go out, they hear distant thunder, or meet a humpbacked or leprous man," &c. The rest of the letter is in the same strain, and was written on occasion of Peter's being consulted by a friend on this knotty point:—Mr. A. going out of his inn in the morning was met by Mr. B., a monk, and was by him warned not to pursue his journey. Mr. A., nothing daunted, joined the retinue of the archbishop, whom he was attending, and certainly he and his horse did in the course of the day fall into a ditch, where they were nearly drowned. Peter's friend wishes to know how all this was; and Peter assures him that in his opinion Mr. A. would have had his tumble if he had met no monk at all. It is a very curious thing that this superstition as to meeting a monk lasts in full force to the present hour. The old King of Naples, who died in 1825, (how many there have been since one does not know,) and whose greatest passion was hunting, always turned back on meeting a monk. Indeed the whole superstition as to the *evil eye* is as rife in Italy at this day as it ever was. But with respect to the ordeal, so far were the better class of the clergy in the tenth or eleventh centuries from encouraging this system, that they reprobated it exceedingly, reasoned against it, and referred to the decrees of canons which condemned it.

The touching for disease by the royal hand seems to have been well known, certainly, in the twelfth century, (Pet. Blois 150); but, as there was a form of service expressly composed or arranged by the Roman Catholic chaplains of James II.—and our own prayer-books as late as the reign of Queen Anne, at least, have a form for the same purpose—perhaps the less that is said by way of comparison on this point, the better.—*Quarterly Review*.

ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND.

WE cannot shut our eyes to the humiliating fact, that architecture, the chief of arts, (as the name implies), has never flourished in our British Isles as it has done in Greece and Italy, those favoured climes of taste and de-

sign. It would be a long and an ungracious task to point out the causes of this inferior degree of success, in a matter of daily domestic comfort—in a branch of the arts, which is so well calculated to display the pride of the monarchy, the dignity of the church, the wealth of the noble and the merchant, the skill and invention of the most mechanical and constructive of nations. We will just suggest, among some of the causes, the early liberty of the subject in England, which, by conferring a security of property, generated that love for comfort and private possessions, so peculiar to Englishmen in preference to merging the individual in magnificent public institutions;—the limited power of the monarch—the distribution of national wealth by the representatives of the people—the jealousy always displayed by a powerful aristocracy as to the power and affluence of the church, which in its most palmy times of papacy never attained the full-blown pomp and splendour of the Spanish or Italian;—the iconoclastic simplicity of a Protestant church, a conscientious opponent to the carver and sculptor;—and, finally, the influence of a climate, damp and cold—of stunted suns and lengthened winters, in which lofty halls, spacious apartments, vast windows, open corridors and porticoes—all those gorgeous appurtenances and ornaments in which architecture delights to revel—so far from tending to render indoor existence happy, would be the instruments of discomfort, disease, and uneasiness. Towards the latter end of the last century, when a better architectural feeling appeared to be growing upon us, there came the curse of war, that greatest of all impediments to the peace-loving arts, the welfare and happiness of mankind. It nipped the opening bud with odious taxes and fiscal restrictions, narrowing our windows, defining the size of brick by law, declaring war against all picturesque projections as contrary to act of parliament, increasing the expense of raw material of every kind, thwarting the manufacturer with duties and excisemen, and rendering it imperative on the bulk of the people to consult economy in form, size, and ornament; fostering the melancholy dullness of Baker-street; creating those tasteless piles of bald-faced barracks, manufactories, prisons, palaces, and penitentiaries, which would render another Lisbon earthquake hardly a national calamity in England. Something, too, must be attributed to the unfortunate position in which those who profess the liberal profession of architects are placed in this country—we allude to the tradesman-like mode of remuneration by a per-centage on the whole expenditure. It is difficult to conceive a system more degrading to a gentleman of education and of feeling, or one more open to painful suspicions of underhand meddlings with subordinate tradesmen. It seems to hold out a

premium to increased outlay and extravagance, and has induced that universal and degrading opinion of an architect's estimate, that it can be as little depended upon as an epitaph. Thus a body of honourable, highly educated men, submit to a reflection on their word and integrity, implied in such a doubt, which they would not put up with for an instant under any other circumstances, and are yet compelled to do so in a matter of the most vital importance to their character, credit, and well-doing in their profession. If the per-centage system be unhappily to be continued, we would suggest that it should be taken on the estimate given in, rather than on the eventual expense. The most unexceptionable honorarium, however, would be, as in the case of so many other liberal professions, a fixed definite sum for a certain specified performance.—*Ibid.*

The Gatherrr.

English Beauty.—Life, long and happy, to English beauty! Despite all that has been, or ever will be said of its fragility, its danger, its destruction, it is a blessed thing to look upon and live amongst. Talk of its fading! it never fades; it is but transferred from face to face. The bud comes forth as the blossom is perfected, and the bud bursts into blossom but to hide the falling leaves, fragrant amidst the decay of the parent flower. Then the beauties of our country are so varied. The peasant girl, gifted with pearl-like modesty; and the courtly maiden, set, as her birthright, in a golden circlet—the intellectual face also beaming intelligence; and the English matron, proud as Cornelia, of her living jewels. Nor is the perfectness of English beauty confined to any class. In summer time you meet it every where, by the hedgerows, in the streets, in the markets, at the opera, where tiers on tiers, hundreds upon hundreds of lovely faces glitter and gleam, and smile and weep; and then you wonder whence they came, and bless your fortune that they so congregate, to harmonize the sight in sweet accordance with the ear.—*Uncle Horace.*

Guiding Balloons.—We find in the Emancipation, under the head of "*Article communiqué*," the following lines:—"An unexpected event, a fact, the existence of which appeared chimerical, is at length realized. The art of directing balloons is discovered. This sublime discovery, the consequences of which are incalculable, is due to the profound studies and researches of M. William Van Eschen, a native of Brussels. The system of the author is equally simple and ingenious, and the effect is infallible. By means of his application, and with a new kind of balloon, also invented by him, the aeronaut will be

able, in the usual state of the atmosphere, to proceed at pleasure, with the greatest rapidity. Only, in case of contrary and violent winds, the balloon will not make a rapid progress. In this respect it resembles steam-boats—it resists the currents (of air) and obstacles, and in some manner overcomes them.—*Dutch Paper.*

Dr. Williams and the Horse Eye-water.—The *Louisville Journal* tells us of a good story of Doctor Williams' practice in Cincinnati. The oculist, according to that paper, has two bottles of eye-water, the one to make human, and the other to make horse-eyes. It happened that while in Cincinnati, application was made to the oculist by a man with one eye, who had a horse in the same condition. As he desired a cure for both, the doctor took his two bottles with him, but, unfortunately, through some strange mistake, changed them. The consequence was, that a horse-eye soon made its appearance in the man's head, and a human eye in the horse's. The whole town became so exasperated, that the doctor had to leave forthwith.

The Hour of Conscience.—We are apt to connect the voice of conscience with the stillness of midnight. But I think we wrong that innocent hour. It is that terrible "next morning," when reason is wide awake, upon which remorse fastens its fangs. Has a man gambled away his all, or shot his friend in a duel—has he committed a crime, or incurred a laugh—it is the *next morning*, when the irretrievable past rises before him like a spectre—then doth the churchyard of memory yield up its grisly dead—then is the witching hour when the foul fiend within us can least tempt, perhaps, but most torment. At night we have one thing to hope for, one refuge to fly to—oblivion and sleep! But at morning, sleep is over, and we are called upon coldly to review, and re-act, and live again the waking bitterness of self-reproach.—*Ernest Maltravers.*

The Harmonies of the Universe.—There is music wherever there is harmony, order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres; for those well ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whoever is harmonically composed, delights in the harmony of sounds; which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church music. For myself, not only from my obedience, but my particular genius, I do embrace it; for even that vulgar and tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and profound contemplation of the first composer; there is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers. I will not

sny with Plato, the soul is a harmony, but harmonical, and hath its nearest sympathy unto music; thus, some whose temper of body agrees, and humours the constitution of their souls, are born poets, though indeed all are naturally inclined unto rhyme.—*Sir Thomas Brown: quoted in the Musical World.*

Cause of Intemperance.—One cause of the commonness of intemperance in the present state of things, is the heavy burden of care and toil which is laid on a large multitude of men. Multitudes to earn subsistence for themselves and their families, are often compelled to undergo a degree of labour exhausting to the spirits and injurious to the health; of consequence, relief is sought in stimulants. We do not find that civilization lightens man's toils; as yet it has increased them, and in this effect I see a sign of a deep defect in what we call the progress of society. It cannot be the design of the Creator that the whole of life should be spent in drudgery for the supply of animal wants. That civilization is very imperfect in which the mass of men can redeem no time for intellectual, moral, and social culture. It is melancholy to witness the degradation of multitudes to the condition of beast of burden. Exhausting toils unfit the mind to resist temptation. The man spent with labour, and cut off by his condition from higher pleasures is compelled to seek a deceitful solace in sensual excess. How the condition of society shall be so changed as to prevent excessive pleasure on any class, is undoubtedly a hard question. One thing seems plain, that there is no tendency in our present institutions and habits to bring relief. On the contrary, rich and poor seem to be more and more oppressed with incessant toil, exhausting forethought, anxious struggles, feverish competitions.—*Dr. Channing.*

Old and Young.—There is to age something so enlivening in the company of youth, unconsciously it shares the cheerfulness it witnesses, and hopes with the hopes around, in that sympathy which is the kindest part of our nature.—*L. E. L.*

Widow and Orphan.—If this cold world has one tie more holy, and more redeemed from all selfish feeling than another, it is that which binds the widow and the orphan together.—*Ibid.*

If anything can make a woman look pretty, it is the presence of him she loves.

Self-examination.—They saw but with the heart's eyes, and these turn on an inward world.—*L. E. L.*

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House;) and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—Agent in PARIS, G. H. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin. — In FRANKFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.